

THE FEAST OF ROSES.

AS SUNG BY THE EMPIRE GLEE CLUB.

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Now sunlight dies, and over
The valley reigns delight,
And happy is the lover,
That wanders there to-night.
For every heart uncloses,
And old and young arise,
To hail a Feast of Roses,
And bless it as it flies.

No sound is heard but pleasure,
No echo on the gale,
But music's varied measure ;
Along the happy vale.
For all that sense can covet,
Each joy that earth can show ;
Is lavished there to prove—
The brightest spot below.

'Tis said the world before us,
Is one continued flow
Of joy with those that love us,
Perhaps, it may be so.
But if this earth discloses this
Delight unknown elsewhere,
'Tis at the Feast of Roses,
Within thy vale, Cashmere.

THOMAS M. SCROGGY, Publisher,
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